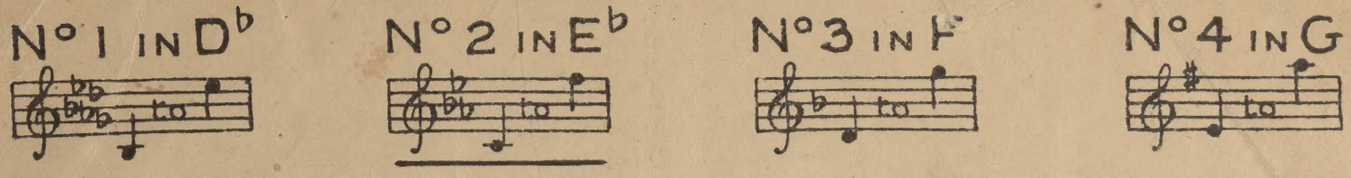
Viola Watts.



Sung by Mr. Dan Beddoe

In an Old-fashioned Town

* SONG *

THE WORDS BY

ADA LEONORA HARRIS

The Music by

W. H. SQUIRE

PRICE 60 CENTS.(NET)

BOOSEY & Co.

NEW YORK - TORONTO - LONDON (ENG.)

9 EAST 17TH ST. RYRIE BLDG., YONGE ST. 295 REGENT ST., W.

THIS SONG MAY BE SUNG IN PUBLIC WITHOUT FEE OR LICENSE
THE PUBLIC PERFORMANCE OF ANY PARODIED VERSION, HOWEVER, IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

COPYRIGHT MCMXIV BY BOOSEY & CO.

OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS
BY
W. H. SQUIRE

Dedicated to my friend Ivor Foster.

IF I MIGHT COME TO YOU

No. 1 in G
No. 2 in Ab
No. 3 in Bb
No. 4 in C

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY. Music by W. H. SQUIRE.

Languendo

If I might on - ly kneel to you, With all my love con - fest, — If I might on - ly lay my head Up - on your lov - ing breast, — If you would on - ly comfort me, — And bid my fears have rest, —

Copyright MCMXVI by Boosey & Co.

WHEN YOU COME HOME

No. 1 in D
No. 2 in Eb
No. 3 in F
No. 4 in G

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY.
Music by W. H. SQUIRE.

Andante (Softly.)

When you come home, dear, when you come home, No more to leave me, no more to roam, God will re - member!

softly. God will pro - vide! When you come home at ev - en - tide. God will re - mem - ber! God will pro - vide!

New American Edition, Copyright MCMXVII by Boosey & Co. . . Copyright MCMXII by Boosey & Co.

THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO YOU

No. 1 in F
No. 2 in Ab
No. 3 in Bb
No. 4 in C

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY
Music by W. H. SQUIRE

Moderato
Slower

It's the same old road for all men, — It's the same for rich and poor, — There are dear eyes at the win - dow, — There are true hands at the door. — It's the road I'm always seek - ing, — In the gray light or the blue, It's the

Copyright MCMXIX by Boosey & Co.

In an Old-fashioned Town.

There's an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street
In a quaint little old-fashioned town;
There's a street where the cobble stones harass the feet,
As it straggles up hill and then down;
And, though to and frō through the world I must go,
My heart while it beats in my breast,
Where e'er I may roam, to that old-fashioned home
Will fly back like a bird to its nest.

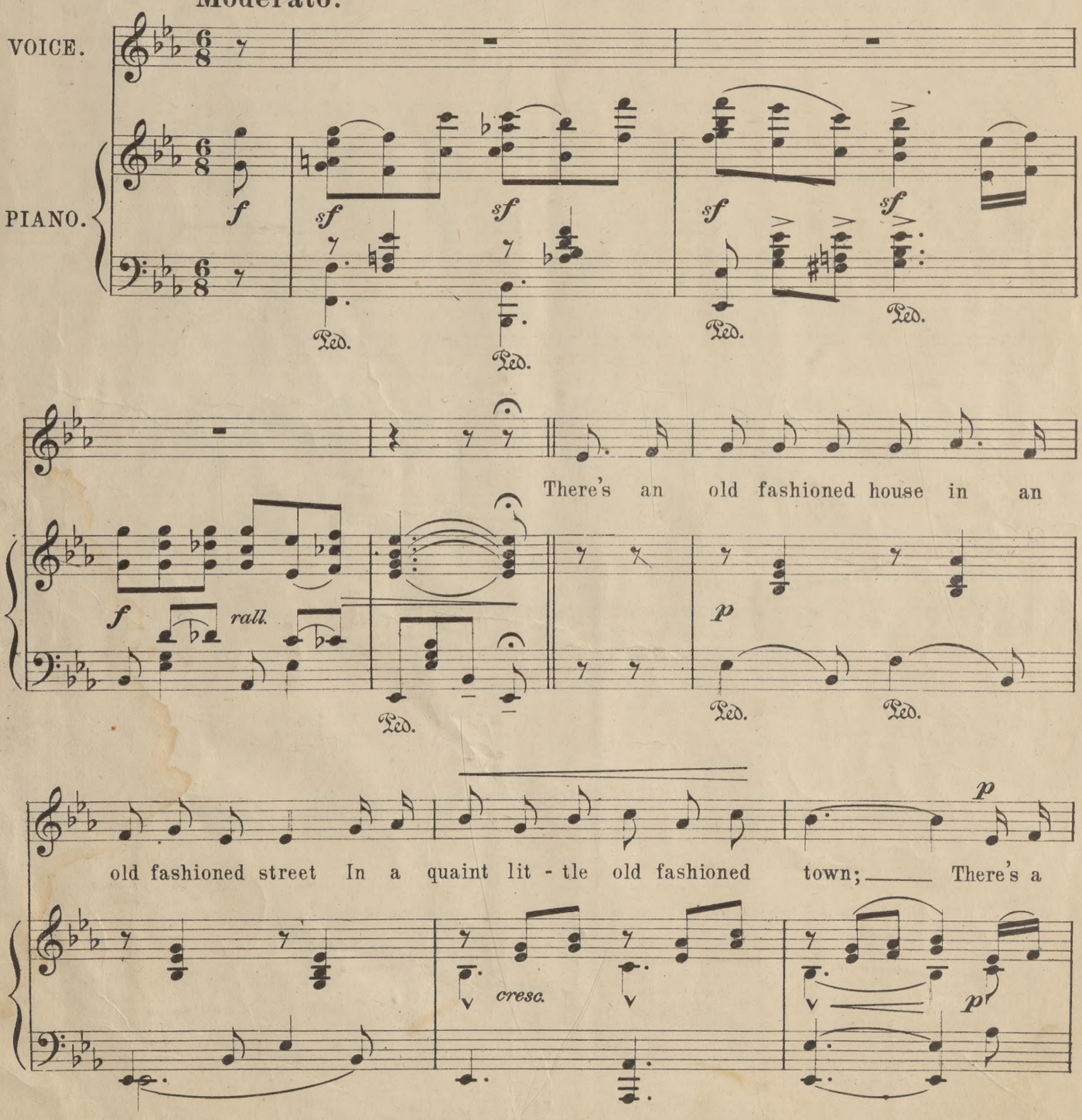
In that old-fashioned house in that old-fashioned street
Dwell a dear little old-fashioned pair.
I can see their two faces, so tender and sweet,
And I love ev'ry wrinkle that's there.
I love ev'ry mouse in that old-fashioned house
In the street that runs up hill and down,
Each stone and each stick, ev'ry cobble and brick
In that quaint little old-fashioned town.

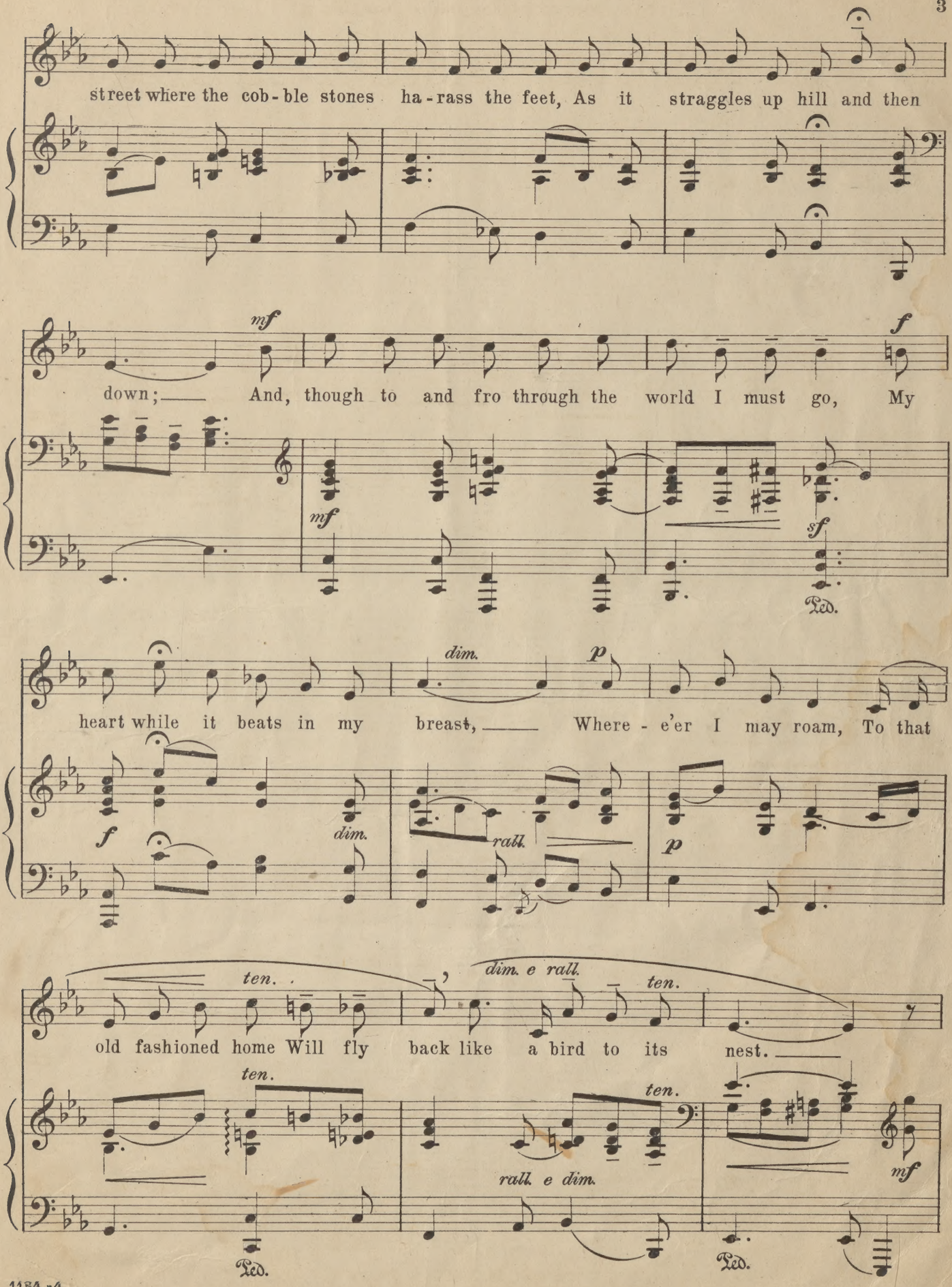
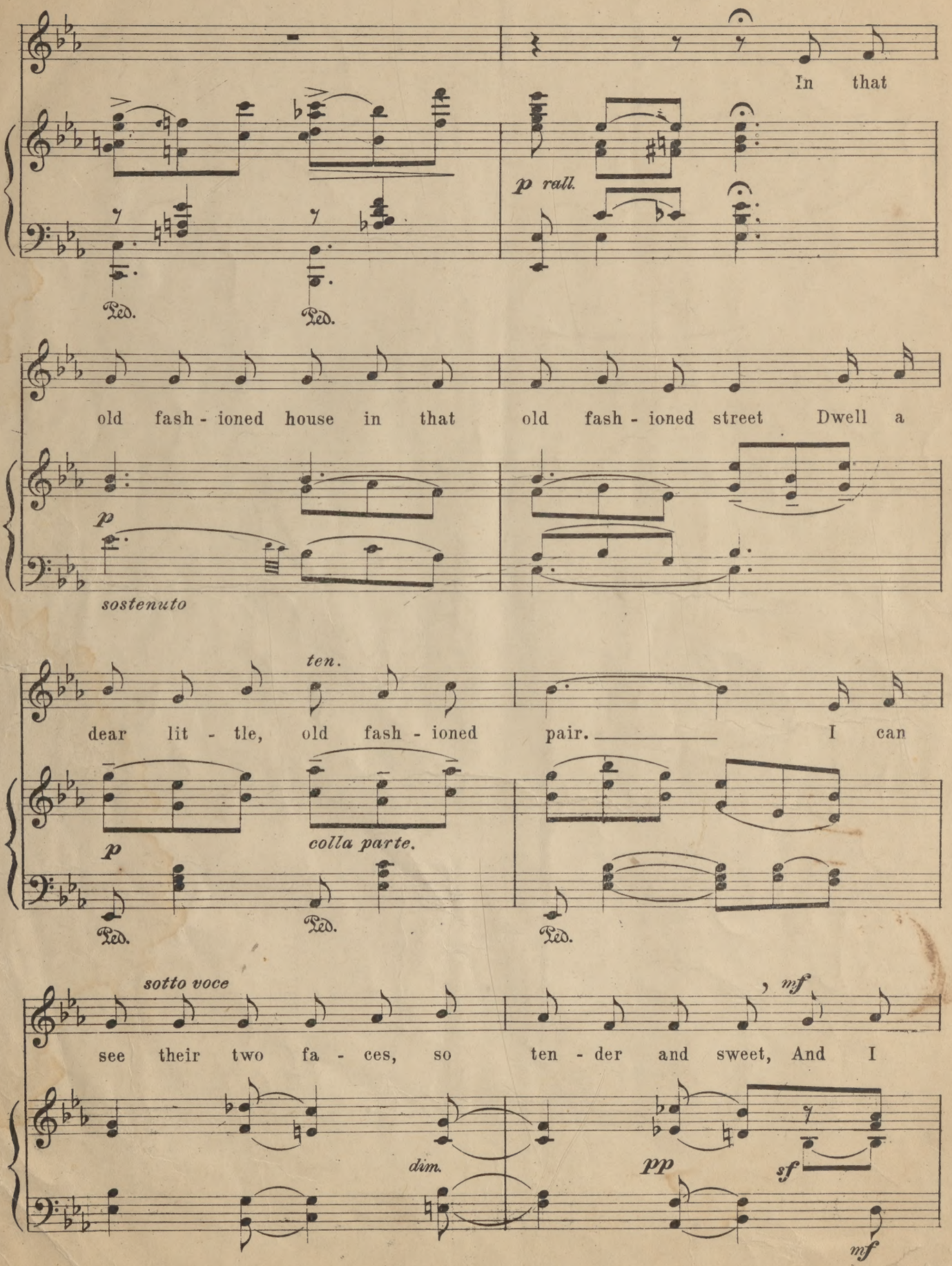
Ada Leonora Harris.

Dedicated to my friend Ivor Foster.

IN AN OLD-FASHIONED TOWN.

Words by
ADA LEONORA HARRIS.

Music by
W. H. SQUIRE.

Copyright MCMXIV by Boosey & Co.


street where the cob - ble stones ha - rass the feet, As it straggles up hill and then
mf
down; And, though to and fro through the world I must go, My
f
mf
sf
Ped.
heart while it beats in my breast, Where - e'er I may roam, To that
dim.
p
f
dim.
rall.
p
old fashioned home Will fly back like a bird to its nest.
ten.
dim. e rall.
ten.
ten.
ten.
rall. e dim.
mf
Ped.
Ped.

In that
p rall.
Ped.
Ped.
old fash - ioned house in that old fash - ioned street Dwell a
p
sostenuto
ten.
dear lit - tle, old fash - ioned pair. I can
p
colla parte.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
sotto voce
mf
see their two fa - ces, so ten - der and sweet, And I
dim.
pp
sf
mf